

THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL
AND THE HOME



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A UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL IN SCOTLAND.

Unitarian Sunday School, Dundee, Scotland.

It is pleasant to look upon the faces of these Scotch friends, doubly so to those of us who had the privilege of meeting the venerable pastor, who sits in the midst of his flock. The Rev. Henry Williamson was in Boston, attending the Anniversary Meetings in May, 1910, and preached in several of our pulpits. When calling upon the president of the Sunday School Society, at that time, he spoke in glowing terms of his school. "You ought to hear our children sing!" he said. Asked what they sang, he replied, "One of our favorite songs is 'Twas a Bluebird told the Story'; and not a child of them ever saw a bluebird, either!" Though they may not have bluebirds in Scotland, they have earnest men and women and bright-faced children. We of the American Sunday schools send them loving greetings and our best wishes.

For The Beacon.

The Plot at Camp Snowball.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Six Chapters. Chapter One.

"We'll name it Camp Snowball," said Pearl, trying to feel cheerful as she looked out of the window of the two-room log house, or camp, as it was generally called. "Didn't it look exactly like a great snowball when we drove up just now?"

Ned crammed his hands deep into his pockets as he peered out into the driving white storm to get a last glimpse of the man and horse that had brought them to this new home.

"There, he's out of sight," announced the boy. "We're all alone in the wilderness, Pearl."

"Mother's in the bedroom," his sister reminded him. "I knew all the way coming up she would have to go to bed as soon as she got here, she was so cold; and riding always makes her head ache. But the fire's warming up splendid now, Ned, and it's better to

be inside a snowball than outside such a night as this. What can we have for supper?"

"There's a few sandwiches left in the luncheon box and a couple of apples," answered Ned. "Let's have it right here by the fire with our feet in the oven and not bother to get out dishes and things."

They sat down to their scant luncheon, feeling so cold and homesick that they hardly dared look at each other.

All at once, on the wall at the back of the room, they heard a sort of scratching and then a quick rat-tat-tat.

"What's that?" asked Ned in a low voice, while Pearl dropped her sandwich and looked very much startled.

The knock was not at the cabin door, which they had closed and fastened after them. Neither was it at the door of the bedroom where their mother lay tucked up in bed. It was right behind them on the wall, and, as the cabin had only these two rooms, it seemed as if it must be on the outside of the house.

"Only it's too plain for that," whispered

Pearl. "The walls are so thick we couldn't hear much from the outside; besides, who'd be out there in all this snow?"

The knock came again, and Ned got up and pushed aside a curtain which they had not noticed before and, which seemed to be hung on the bare wall, for there was no window behind it.

"Look here, will you! Here's a little door in the wall behind the curtain," said the boy in astonishment.

And just then the knock came again and with it a sharp little voice:

"If you don't let me in, this stew will be just as cold as a clam."

Ned lifted a wooden latch at the edge of the door. It flew open, and a small brown girl—brown hair, brown dress, and snapping brown eyes—stood before them, with a basket on her arm, a box on the floor at her feet, and something in a great bowl held carefully between her two hands.

Behind her was a little passage leading out of their own room and as dark as if it went into the side of a mountain.

"Take the bowl," the girl ordered Ned. "What an awful while you've been getting the door open. I'm Katherine Kingsley, but everybody calls me Kinks, so you can."

"We didn't know there was a door there," Ned explained, taking the bowl while Pearl came to help with the box and basket. "We've only just come."

"I came yesterday," announced Kinks, "and you'd better believe I was glad when I heard there was a boy and girl coming here. It snowed so when you drove up I expect you didn't notice another log house just like this one a little ways off. These two camps were built by two brothers, and they made a roofed-in passage from one to the other so they could visit back and forth without going outdoors. Look!"

She swung back the door by which she had just come in and showed them the long dark passage. At the far end of it they could see another door standing open into a lighted place.

"It goes right into our kitchen," explained Kinks, "and we're lucky to have it, for they say it storms so up here in the woods that things get all buried in snow and you can't go out doors for days."

"Whew!" whistled Ned. "But say, we'll be all right with the insides of two snow-balls to live in. We've named this house Camp Snowball, and, if yours is just like it, we'll have to call it Snowball No. 2."

Kinks laughed, but she was too busy to answer. She had pulled the wooden table out into the floor and spread a cloth on it, and was taking things out of the box and basket,—dried venison, hot biscuit, twisted doughnuts, and brown baked apples.

"There's stew in the bowl, all piping hot. It's just what folks need when they've had a long ride in the cold. Now this pitcher of chicken broth is for your mother, and here's a hot soap-stone to put at her feet. She looked real sick when she got out of the pung, but I guess she'll feel better when she gets warm. Mother's coming over soon to see her. She's getting the baby to sleep now."

"How good you are to us!" cried Pearl, "and we didn't expect to find any friends up here. Mother's going to wash and mend for the men at the lumber camp. And I love babies. I'll help take care of it."

"Tisn't 'it.' It's Elizabeth Loring Kingsley, but we do call her Bouncing Bet for

short. There, somebody's come just as we were ready to begin."

It was a knock on the outside door this time, and Ned opened it.

A boy two sizes bigger than himself stood there in the snow holding a great covered basket.

"Hello," he said. "Here's some stuff the cook sent up from the lumber camp. He heard of some new folks coming, and he allowed you'd want some of his beans and doughnuts and things to keep you alive till you get to going."

"What's your name?" demanded Kinks, with interest, for the boy was only a little older than they were, and had a bright face and quick, sparkling eyes.

"Charlie," answered the boy, shoving the basket in at the door. "Whistling Charlie, they call me at the camp." And without stopping for another word he plunged away into the storm.

"One more; that makes four of us besides Bouncing Bet," counted Kinks. "And he lives at the lumber camp—that will be heaps of fun. Come on now, and eat your supper while it's hot."

Owing to Kinks, the first evening in the new home was rather a jolly one after all, and Pearl and Ned went to bed eager for the morning.

Camp Snowball was buried almost to the top the next day, but they went through the passage and visited Kinks' family,—Father and Mother Kinks, as Pearl called them, and Bouncing Bet. And then they had it all to tell to their own mother, who was sitting up by the fire.

By afternoon, just as they were beginning to want something new to think about, Kinks came through the passage hooded and mit-tened and carrying a snow shovel taller than herself.

"Come on," she said, "and help me dig a passage to the bear's den."

(To be continued.)

The Door to the House.

BY KATHARINE PYLE.

There were idle thoughts came in the door
And warmed their little toes,
And did more mischief about the house
Than any one living knows.

They scratched the tables, and broke the
chairs,
And soiled the floor and wall;
For a motto was written above the door,
"There's a welcome here for all."

When the master saw the mischief done,
He closed it with hope and fear;
And he wrote above, instead, "Let none
Save good thoughts enter here."

And the good little thoughts came trooping in
When he drove the others out.
They cleaned the walls, and they swept the
floor,
And they sang as they moved about.

And last of all an angel came,
With wings and a shining face;
And above the door he wrote, "Here Love
Has found a dwelling-place."

The Myrtle.

They can because they believe they can.

VIRGIL.

For The Beacon.

How Jimmie Steered "The Winner."

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

Gordon stood by the window watching the children enjoy the coasting, for it was fine that day.

His mother looked up in surprise when he threw his book down with a slam saying crossly:

"It's just mean I can't go out. The first good coasting we've had, too! Nothin' to do cooped up here in the house."

"Watch the others, sonny: see the sleds whiz down the hill. Enjoy the others' good time if you can't be in it yourself," replied his mother, cheerily.

"H'm, lots of fun, that is, when I've got a sled that will beat 'em all out! And the doctor won't let me even put my head out of doors," returned Gordon, crossly.

The fun and frolic of the children did at last bring back the smiles, and, when his little friends spied him at the window, and began to snowball him with the soft snow, he dodged, and laughed in glee.

There was one little fellow who could do nothing but watch the others because he had no sled of his own. Once in a while he would get a chance on a double-runner, but most of the time he stood around watching the others, amusing himself by snowballing the telephone poles.

But his brown, freckled little face was smiling and happy every minute, even when he was blowing on his cold fingers through the holes in his mittens.

"Mamma," exclaimed Gordon, his face lighting up with a sudden thought, "see Jimmie Todd, that little chap in the brown cap?"

"Yes, I see: who is he?" replied his mother.

"He's a new boy in our room—guess his folks are pretty poor 'cause his clothes are all patched, but he's smart, I tell you, beats the rest of us in his marks. And, say, he hasn't any sled, s'posin' I let him take mine—call him in, will you?" he added, seeing approval on his mother's face.

Gordon could scarcely wait till Jimmie came in, his homely little face beaming with happiness at the thought of a new sled he could call his own for even an hour.

He listened eagerly as Gordon told him just how to make "The Winner" do its very best, and went out, feeling very happy and very important, to join the others.

The frowns had gone from Gordon's face, and smiles had taken their place, for it was nearly as much fun to watch Jimmie as it was to steer the new sled himself.

It spun down the hill at a merry pace, and the others had hard work to keep up with it. Not once was there an upset, and, when it grew dark, Jimmie came proudly back, saying gratefully:

"Say, but she's the best ever! Didn't she hum though? ain't hurt a mite, either. You can take my yeller pencil with the rubber any time, an' I'm much 'bliged—had a great time!"

"Thank you," returned Gordon, "you're just a dandy at steerin'. You can try it again some day," no less excited than Jimmie.

"Well, well," said his papa when he heard the story. "A pretty good sort of medicine I think. Guess you won't have to stay in-doors much longer. 'Do to others' tonic works finely, doesn't it?"

*O March that blusters and March that blows,
What color under your footsteps glows!
Beauty you summon from winter snows,
And you are the pathway that leads to the rose.*
CELIA THAXTER.

Mr. Baynes and his Feathered and Four-footed Friends.

The picture which we publish herewith is an interesting one, showing a little bird eating from a sandwich which the man holds in his mouth. How many readers of *The Beacon* ever entertained a bird in such a friendly fashion? This is not a pet bird, either, but a wild bird that has been taught by patient kindness and by feeding not to be afraid of this man.

The bird is a chickadee and the man is Mr. Ernest Harold Baynes, who lives in Meriden, N.H.,—a naturalist, lecturer, and lover of birds and animals, who devotes his time to studying the wild life in the woods and fields about him and trying to interest others in the same good work. The house where he lives is on a high hill in the midst of a New Hampshire wilderness, and the view from his door-yard is wide and extensive. Great forests cover the hills on every side, and in the far distance the White Mountains lift their heads against the sky.

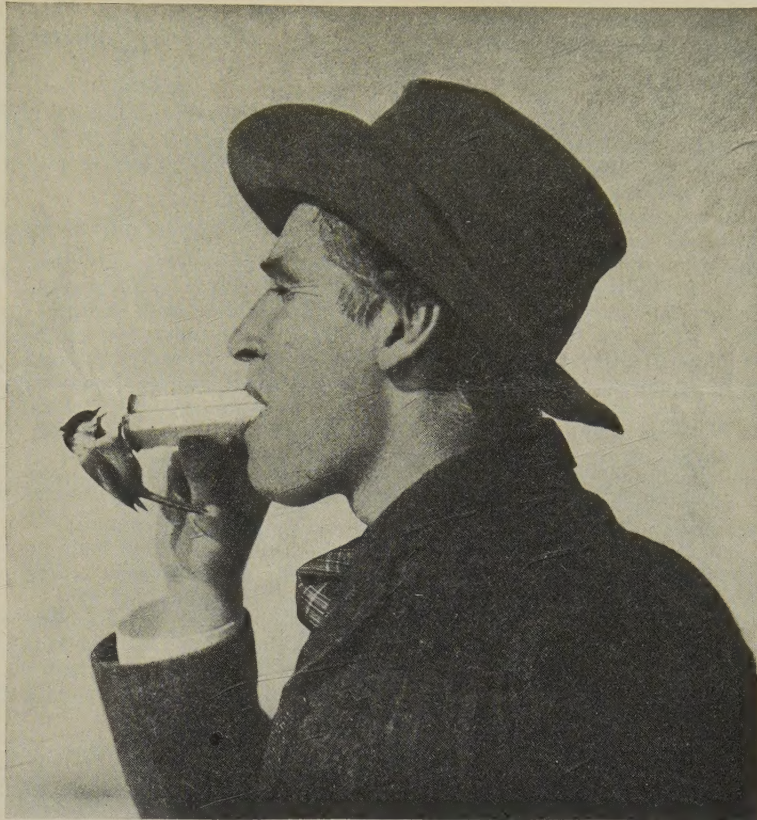
Just across the road from Mr. Baynes' house is the famous Corbin Park, a large tract among the Croyden Hills, which is set apart as a home for wild animals. A large herd of buffaloes are kept here and roam over the hills as they used to roam over the great prairies of the West before they were destroyed by hunters and the cattlemen. These great animals are not very handsome, but they are quite useful, and Mr. Baynes has found them also interesting, and has brought them to the acquaintance of many people by lectures and pictures and through the magazines. In later numbers of *The Beacon* we shall publish some pictures of these buffaloes. Many other animals are also found in the Park, having found that they can live there in safety.

Mr. Baynes is fond of taming young animals which he finds in the woods and fields, and it is no uncommon sight to see him walking with a bear, or wolf, or wild boar. His latest work is in forming a Bird Club in Meriden, and, through it, arousing an active interest in birds among his friends and neighbors. This club has placed boxes in convenient places for the winter feeding of birds, also drinking pans and bath boxes. These, of course, require care and attention, but those engaged in this work feel that they are well repaid in the increasing number of song birds which have come to Meriden since the work was started.

Also situated in Meriden is the Kimball Union Academy, an old and well-established school, where about one hundred and fifty young people are annually educated. This group of students and their teachers have been of great assistance to Mr. Baynes in his work in behalf of bird protection.

We hope some of these methods of protecting and making friends of the birds and animals will be tried by the readers of *The Beacon*, and we should be glad to hear from any who do so. Perhaps it will help in this work if we all adopt Mr. Baynes' motto:

"I am my brother's keeper
And I will fight his fight,
And speak the word for beast and bird
Till the world shall set things right."



SHARING HIS SANDWICH WITH A CHICKADEE.

Photograph by Louise Birt Baynes.

For *The Beacon*.

Two Good Feet.

BY SARA WARD STOCKWELL.

Margaret was going shopping with her mother.

"Can't we ride, Mamma?" she said. "I don't want to walk."

"We will ride home," said Mamma, "when we have all the bundles to carry. It will do my little girl good to walk one way."

"I don't want to walk," said Margaret, and a frown gathered in her forehead. "I'm cold, and it's nice and warm in the car."

"You will get warm if you walk fast," said Mamma. "This cold air will make your cheeks red, and make you hungry for supper."

Margaret knew it was no use to coax Mamma, so she said no more, but she felt and looked quite cross and unhappy.

By and by a little girl with crutches passed them, going hoppity, hoppity, hop, hop, hop. Margaret had never seen crutches before.

"Mamma, why does she walk with those sticks?" she asked.

"Because she can't walk without them. She has only one good foot. The other one is small and crooked, and she cannot walk on it."

"I thought everybody had two good feet," said Margaret, wonderingly.

"There are some children who cannot walk at all, dear."

"Oh, are there, Mamma?" cried Margaret.

"Did you see what a happy face that little girl had?" asked Mamma. "Don't you think, if she can be happy, my little girl ought to be happy, too?"

"Yes, Mamma," said Margaret.

She felt indeed thankful and happy, and the frown had gone quite away. Let us hope that it never came back.

The Girl Who Smiles.

The wind was east, and the chimney smoked,
And the old brown house seemed dreary;
For nobody smiled and nobody joked,
The young folks grumbled, the old folks
croaked,
They had come home chilled and weary.

Then opened the door, and a girl came in;
Oh, she was homely—very!
Her nose was pug and her cheek was thin,
There wasn't a dimple from brow to chin,
But her smile was bright and cheery.

She spoke not a word of the cold and damp,
Nor yet of the gloom about her;
But she mended the fire and lighted the lamp,
And she put on the place a different stamp
From that it had had without her.

Her dress, which was something in sober brown,
And with dampness nearly dripping,
She changed for a bright, warm, crimson gown;
And she looked so gay when she so came down,
They forgot that the air was nipping.

They forgot that the house was a dull old place,
And smoky from base to rafter;
And gloom departed from every face,
As they felt the charm of her mirthful grace
And the cheer of her happy laughter.

Oh, give me the girl who will smile and sing,
And make all glad together!
To be plain or fair is a lesser thing;
But a kind, unselfish heart can bring
Good cheer in the darkest weather.

Selected.

For The Beacon.

The Young Hero of Niagara.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

One of the finest sights in all America is the ice bridge of Niagara. It stretches directly across the surging, swirling river, and makes a pathway for the adventuring tourist that one would not dream in the summer-time was possible.

The spray from the Falls keeps it covered with a glassy surface of ice. Just below the Falls is a huge mountain, like an upturned bowl, down which the writer has many times slid in his attempt to reach the top.

Every winter crowds of sight-seers go to the Falls to see this wonderful bridge. Hundreds of people venture out upon the broad surface, and enjoy the thrill of standing above the rushing water that whirls beneath, with that sense of danger that most of us enjoy.

On Sunday, February 4, of this year, the usual number of people were out upon the bridge, climbing over the glassy hillocks and enjoying the novel sensation of walking over the imprisoned river.

Suddenly the bridge began to move, with a slow, grinding movement. It had broken loose on both sides of the river, and was being carried down to the great rapids below, where it would be churned into fragments.

The people upon the ice rushed for the shore and safety, as soon as they felt the ice move, and heard the shouts warning them of their danger. Almost all succeeded in climbing off upon the bank.

There were three, however, who were further from shore than the others, and who made the mistake of going first toward one shore and then the other. Two of these were a man and his wife from Toronto, and the third was a boy named Heacock.

The woman could not walk very fast over the hummocks of ice, and the husband stayed by her to help her along. The boy had reached a place where he could easily have reached the shore. But, just as he was about to gain the bank, he heard the man behind him call for assistance to help his wife.

The boy turned, and without any hesitation turned back on the ice to give what help he could to the man and woman. In doing so he lost his chance to reach the shore. A moment or so later the mass of ice moved out into the river, and began its journey toward the rapids and death.

An hour later, in spite of all the efforts of hundreds of men upon the shore and the bridges, the three people were carried down to their death in the madly rushing waters of the river.

But the people along the shore that day, and we who read the account of the accident next morning, must have realized that young Heacock was a real hero. Had he been thinking only of himself, he would have escaped. But, thinking of others as he did, and turning back from safety, he became a hero, worthy of fame and our love.

Though he lost his life, how much better it was, after all, than selfishly saving one's self. He has preached a wonderful sermon to us all on courage. He has made us all a little more heroic by his splendid example.

Let us, therefore, honor the hero of Niagara, and learn from his heroic death that it is better to die nobly than live selfishly. Let us seek to be heroes, too, in giving ourselves for others.

For The Beacon.

The Jolly Athletes.

"J." L.

(An entertainment number for boys.)
(The athletes are dressed in appropriate costumes, and enliven their recitations by clever pantomime.)

HOCKEY PLAYER (with hockey-stick).

When the air is sharp and biting,
And the lake is hard and glare,
There is nothing more exciting
Than the ice-game, fast and fair!
Oh, the hum of runners flashing!
Oh, the clash of stick and steel!
Oh, the tireless dodging, dashing,
Till the winner's echoes peal!

BASKET-BALL PLAYER (with ball).

I will shout the hearty praises
Of the game of basket-ball,
Quite the fastest, cleanest contest
Ever played in gym or hall!
Rushing, blocking, passing, shooting,—
What a whirl of arms and feet!
Where's the ball? Look, there it's spinning
Through the basket, swift and neat!

THE SPRINTER.

"On your marks," the starter tells us;
"Ready!" Bang, the pistol barks!
Off! A sudden leap impels us
To the distant finish-marks!
Just a blur of forms and faces!
On! A shout! It's over! See!
Here are prizes for our paces!
Modern Mercuries are we!

FOOTBALL PLAYER (ball under arm).

"Signals! Signals! New formation!"
Down the field we wildly rush,
While the crowd along the side-lines
Watches in an anxious hush!
Perfect team-work is our motto;
Foes must yield when brain and brawn
Work with all their might together
For the light of Vict'ry's dawn!

OARSMAN (with blades).

Water-sports are fascinating!
When the skies of summer gleam,
What is finer, more elating
Than to skim the flowing stream?
How the "shell" goes lightly leaping
Down the course with motors lined!
Now the oars are grandly sweeping,
Leaving rivals far behind!

BALL PLAYER (with bat).

"Play ball!"
Ah, the crowd is eager!
How the batter squints his eye!
How he plays to meet the "bullet!"
What? He met it! See it fly!
Centre field? Dropped? No, he got it!
All the bleachers ring with cheers!
Here's the game whose sport will conquer
All along the coming years!

ALL (waving their caps).

'Rah-'rah! Baseball!
Shout one, shout all!
Here's to your glory and undying fame,
Grand
old
American Game!

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 13, 11, 6, is something worn on the neck.
My 8, 11, 5, 10, 12, 8, is a tree.
My 13, 9, 4, 4, 12, 4, is alarm.
My 1, 2, 3, 7, 9, is to follow.
My whole is a famous Unitarian.

THERESE E. METCALF.

ENIGMA XLII.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 13, 2, 4, is an animal.
My 1, 10, 11, is used in playing ball.
My 14, 7, 8, 3, is something to put hay into.
My 1, 6, 12, is an insect.
My 8, 15, 6, is an enemy.
My 7, 9, 5, is a feathered fowl.
My whole is a famous battle.

CHARLES N. YOUNG.

AN EXAMINATION IN LITERATURE.

What author is:

1. A river in Italy?
2. A native of the British Isles?
3. An affliction of the feet?
4. The head of the Catholic Church?
5. An English hedge shrub?
6. A domestic animal and the noise of another?
7. Not high and part of a house?
8. A dark mineral and a low line of hills?
9. A very tall man?
10. Without moisture and the lair of an animal?

Scattered Seeds.

A CHARADE.

My first was found around a hat,
This time in color blue;
The man who wore it gave my last
As nearly thirty-two.
My snowy whole upon his wrist
Gave evidence of cut or twist.

The Youth's Companion.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 21.

ENIGMA XXXVII.—Marquis de Lafayette.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.—America.

A HALF SQUARE.—G O R D O N

O C E A N

R E A M

D A M

O N

N

A CHARADE.—Mosquito. (Moss, key, to(e).)

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Barcelona.

Contributions to the Recreation Corner have been received from Maud Tuell, Walpole, Mass.; Therese E. Metcalf, Farmington, Me.; Julia M. Proctor, Rowe, Mass.; Charles N. Young, Providence, R.I.; and Howard Jamison, Toledo, Ohio.

Answers to puzzles have been received from Bessie Keith, East Bridgewater, Mass.; Bertha A. Bowdoin, Kennebunk, Me.; and C. Petzhold, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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